

Shadow

COMICS

Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

VOL. 8 NO. 5

AUG. 1948

10¢



featuring
"JEKYLL-HYDE"
MURDERS

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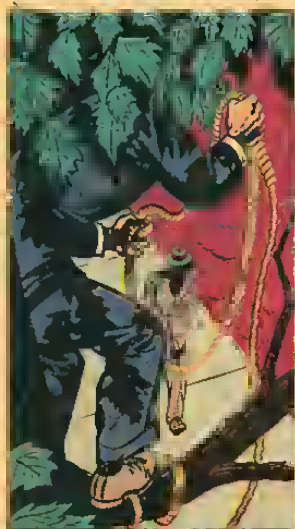
Shadow JEKYLL-HYDE MURDERS



Powell

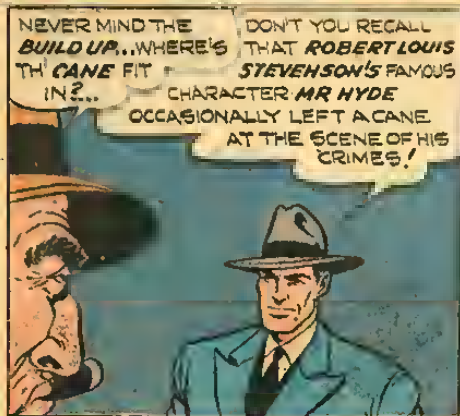
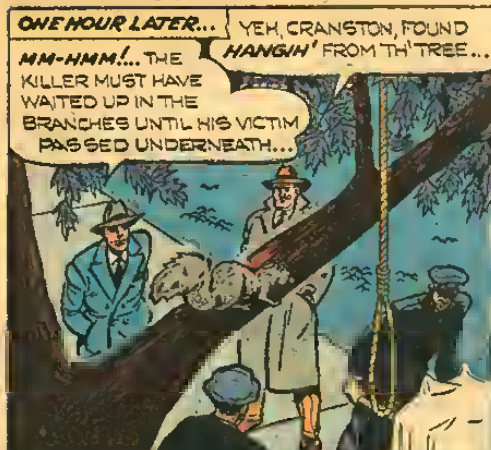
ADAPTED FROM A RADIO SCRIPT

THE GREAT METROPOLIS LIES SLEEPING UNDER THE NIGHT SKIES.... IT IS THE HOUR WHEN THE SILENT FORCES OF EVIL CAN WORK UNSEEN.... ALONG A QUIET SHADED STREET....



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TUNE IN

EACH WEEK TO THE
OF THE
SHADOW

THE NEXT NIGHT... ...AND YOU THINK THE IMPRESSION OF A PLAY LIKE THIS ON A SICK MIND WOULD BE POWERFUL ENOUGH TO GOAD HIM INTO KILLING!

WELL... SOMETHING LIKE THAT... OH... GOOD EVENING... MR. DALY'S DRESSING ROOM, PLEASE!!



...BUT WHY ARE WE VISITING MORGAN DALY, THE STAR? WHAT CAN HE TELL YOU?...

DON'T KNOW YET... SHH... HELLO, BUD... MR DALY'S EXPECTING ME....

WAIT HERE!...



BRRR!! WHO'S THAT!!

BUD PORTER... EX-WRESTLER, BUT NOW MR DALY'S DEVOTED MAN FRIDAY....



I GOT YOUR NOTE, LAMONT AND YOUR IDEA IS SHOCKING!!! SIMPLY SHOCKING!

PERHAPS BUT IT ALL FITS...



BUT TO THINK THAT MY ACTING GENIUS SHOULD BE THE MOTIVATING FORCE FOR A WARPED AND TWISTED MIND TO COMMIT THESE GHASTLY MURDERS!



...AND YOU'VE NOTICED NO ONE IN PARTICULAR...

THRILLING ADVENTURES

CONSULT YOUR LOCAL NEWSPAPERS FOR TIME AND STATION

OF COURSE NOT... **EXCEPT**... OH BUT THAT'S **PREPOSTEROUS**... THAT IS... WELL, **PRO-FESSOR DICKINSON**... HE'S THE 'WORLD'S GREATEST AUTHORITY ON **STEVENSON**... EVEN LOOKS LIKE THE FICTIONAL MR. HYDE... AND IS JUST AS **RUDE**... REFUSED TO HELP ME AT ALL WHEN I REQUESTED ADVICE... AND YET HE'S BEEN TO SEE THE PLAY MORE THAN **TWENTY TIMES!!**



BUT THAT'S SUCH AN **IDIOTIC**...

...MAYBE **NOT**!... THANKS, DADY... WE'LL SEE YOU AFTER THE SHOW C'MON, MARGOT!



DO YOU THINK THAT PROFESSOR DICKINSON COULD... **OH! LAMONT!** OVER THERE... IT'S **HE!**



UGH!!... LOOK AT HIM!... IS HE **UGLY!** JUST LIKE AN **APE!**



...AND... **L**... LOOK... IN HIS HANDS... A **GOLD TOPPED BLACK CAKE!!**...



LATER THAT NIGHT... AFTER THE THEATRE...

GOODNIGHT, MISS LANE... LAMONT...
THANKS FOR THE LIFT... I'LL
WALK HOME FROM
HERE... ADIEU!!

GOODNIGHT,
DALY....

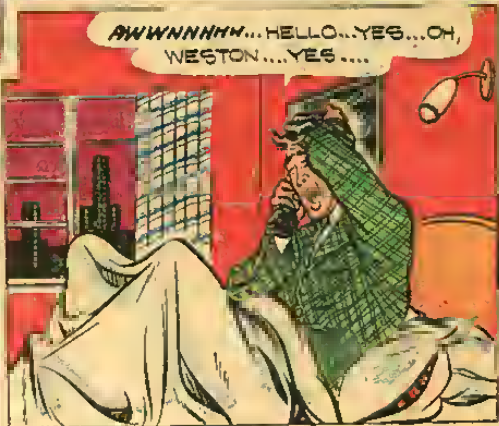
HE'S A **SPLENDID** ACTOR... I...
LAMONT... WHAT DO YOU
THINK OF THE PROFESSOR
DICKINSON ANGLE?...

RIGHT NOW...
NOTHING...
HO HUM... I'M TOO
TIRED... **AWWWW**
SCUSE ME...
G'NIGHT,
DEAR....



RINNNGGGG!!
BRRRRINNN!!

WHA...??... AW...
AWRIGHT!
ALL RIGHT!!



AWWWNNNNH... HELLO... YES... OH,
WESTON... YES....



YES... **WHAT!!?**... **ANOTHER JEKYLL-**
HYDE VICTIM?!... AND **W... WHO?!**...
MORGAN DALY!!?... I'LL BE
RIGHT OVER!!

HALF AN HOUR LATER...

WAS HE FOUND IN
THE TREE TOO?..

NO...LYIN' ON THE SIDEWALK...
I GUESS TH' ROPE BROKE...UH...
HERE COMES TH' MEDICAL
EXAMINER....

HLO, CRANSTON...WESTON...WISH
YOU'D **TRAIN** YOUR KILLERS TO
DO THEIR BUSINESS DURIN' TH'
DAY....HRRMPN!

IT'S MY
FAULT!

'NCONSIDERATE CUSS
KILLIN' HIS VICTIMS AT THIS
UNEARTHLY HOUR....HE...
HEY.... THIS GUY'S **NOT**
DEAD! GIMME THEM
SMELLIN' SALTS!..

UH...OH...

DALY! DALY!
ARE YOU
ALLRIGHT?
DALY!! WHO
DID THIS?..

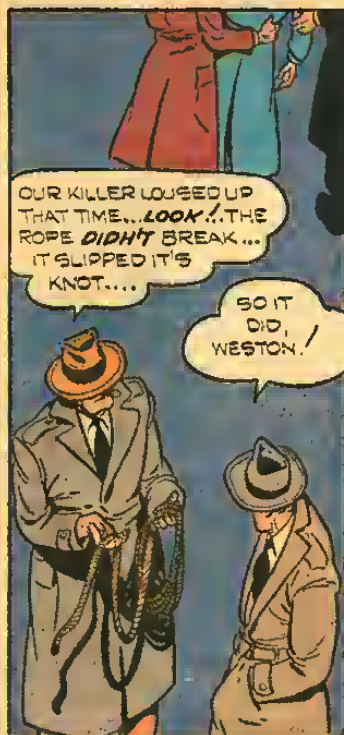
...WALKING ALONG...HEARD A
LAUGH..THEN FELT THE ROPE...
AND...UH...NEED...
NEED A
DRINK...

YEH...
GUESS
YOU DO..

TAKE HIM HOME,
DOC, WE'LL QUES-
TION HIM LATER!

WHA...?? ...CRANSTON?...
WHO DID...?...I...DON'T KNOW.
DIDN'T SEE....





OUR KILLER LOUSED UP
THAT TIME... *LOOK!*... THE
ROPE *DIDN'T* BREAK...
IT SLIPPED IT'S
KNOT....

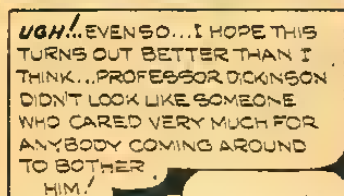
SO IT
DID,
WESTON!



AHHHH... YEH, CARDONA?

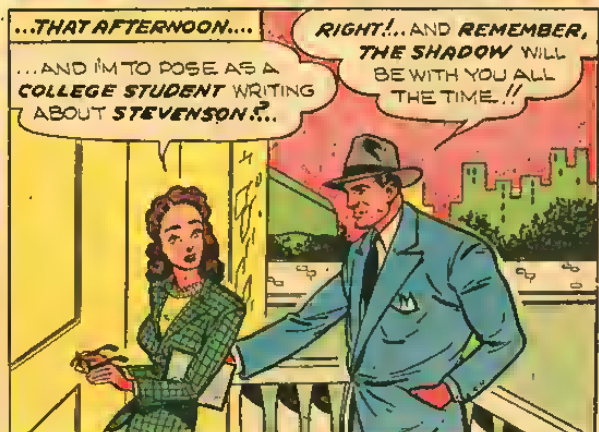
WE CHECKED ON
THE CANE'S INSPECTOR,
'N' THEY DIDN'T COME
FROM *THIS* TOWN!

AH! THE
PLOT
THICKENS..
LISTEN WESTON..
I'LL SEE YOU LATER,
I'M GOING BACK
TO BED!



UGH!.. EVEN SO... I HOPE THIS
TURNS OUT BETTER THAN I
THINK... PROFESSOR DICKINSON
DIDN'T LOOK LIKE SOMEONE
WHO CARED VERY MUCH FOR
ANYBODY COMING AROUND
TO BOTHER
HIM!

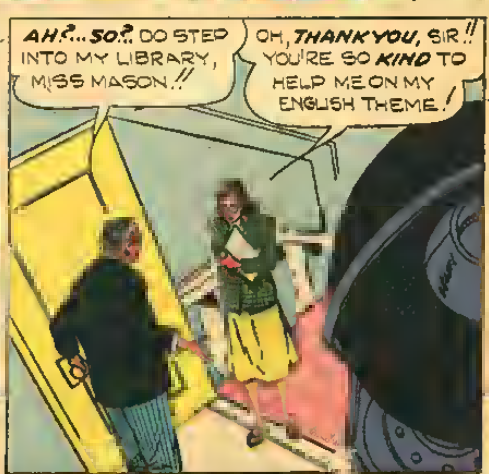
WELL... WE'VE
GOT TO START *SOMEPLACE*..
OKAY! *GO*
AHEAD!



...*THAT AFTERNOON*...

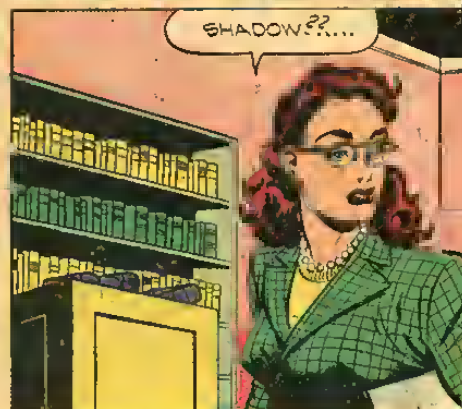
...AND I'M TO POSE AS A
COLLEGE STUDENT WRITING
ABOUT *STEVENSON*?..

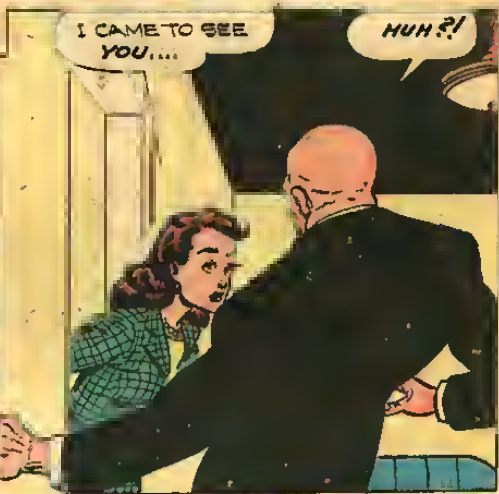
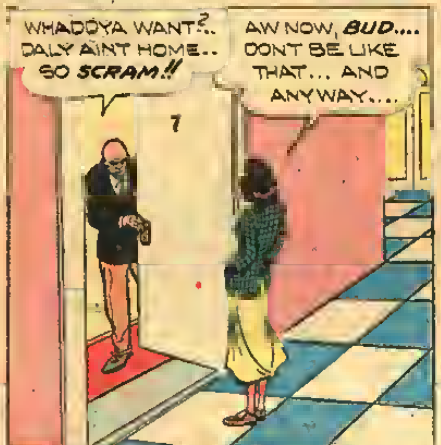
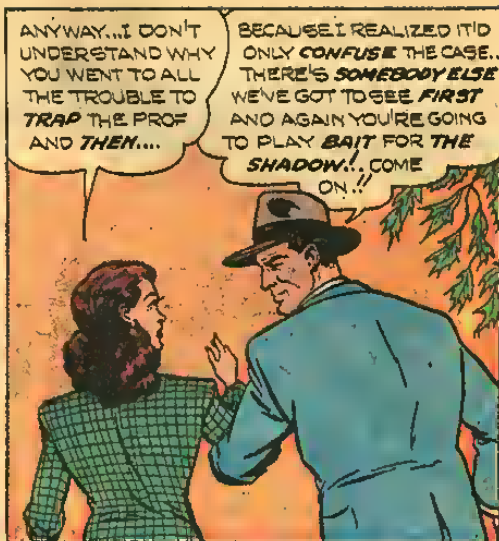
*RIGHT!.. AND REMEMBER,
THE SHADOW WILL
BE WITH YOU ALL
THE TIME!!*

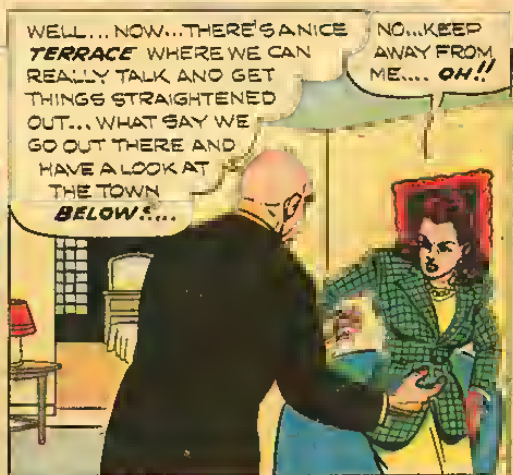
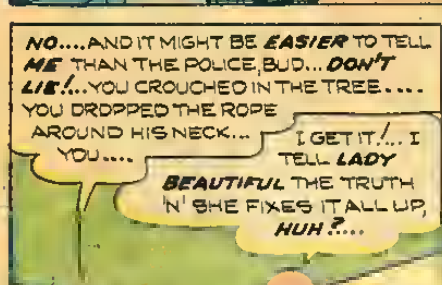
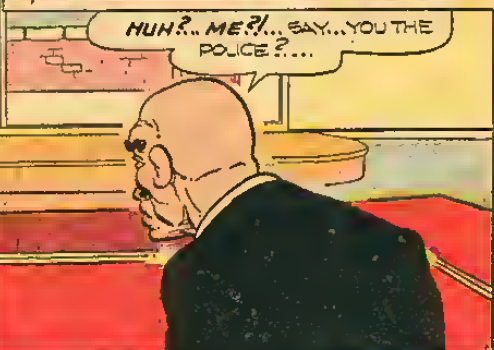


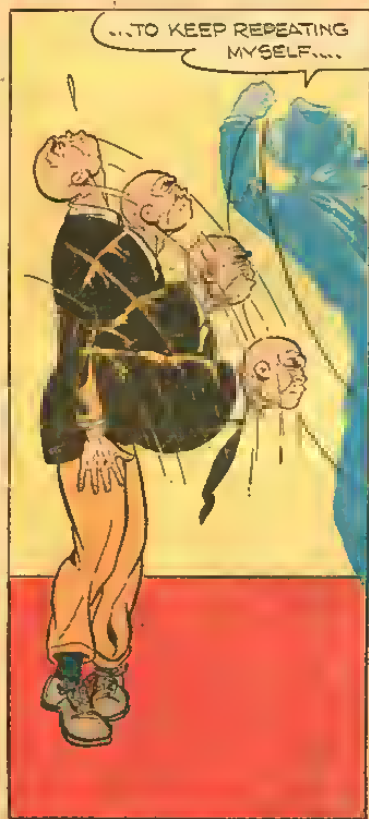
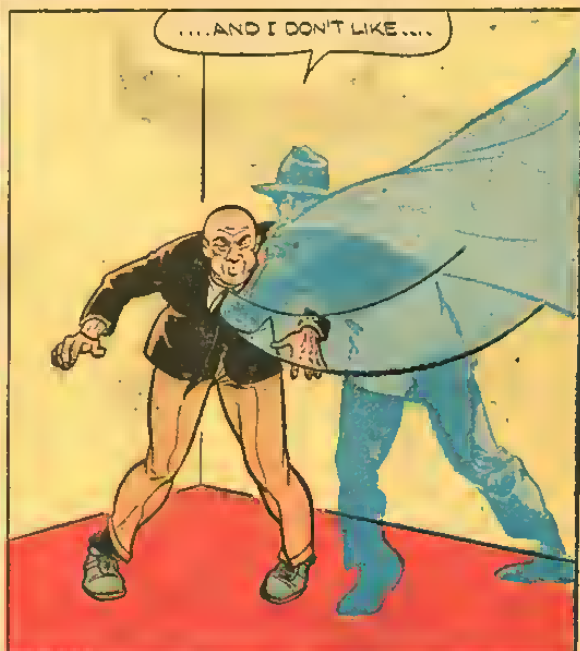
AH?... *SO?* DO STEP
INTO MY LIBRARY,
MISS MASON!!

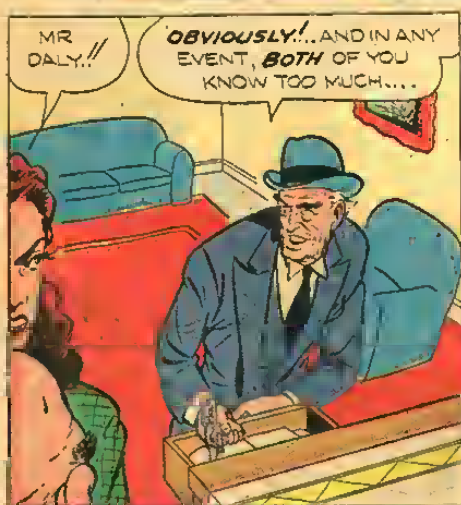
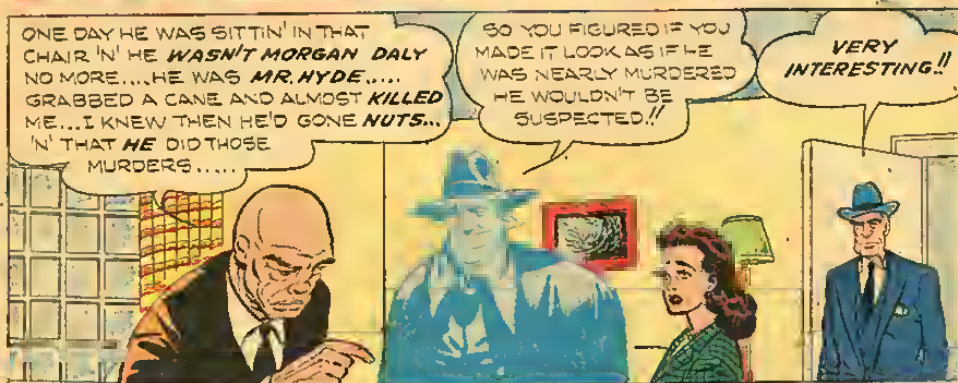
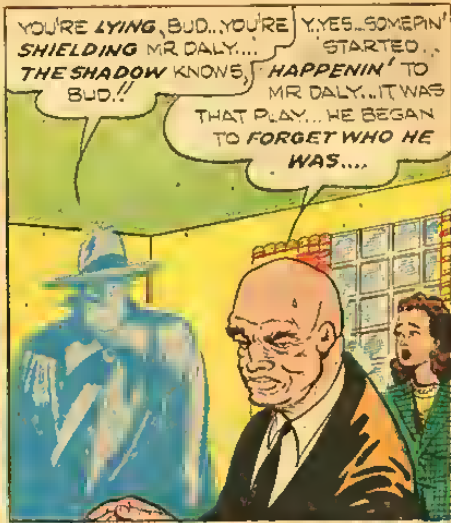
OH, *THANK YOU, SIR!!*
YOU'RE SO *KIND* TO
HELP ME ON MY
ENGLISH THEME!

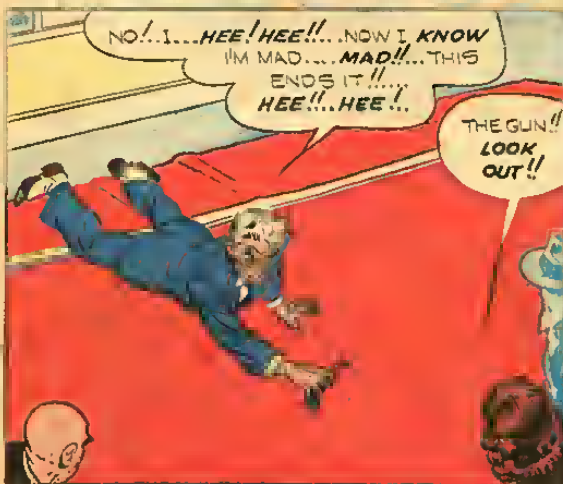








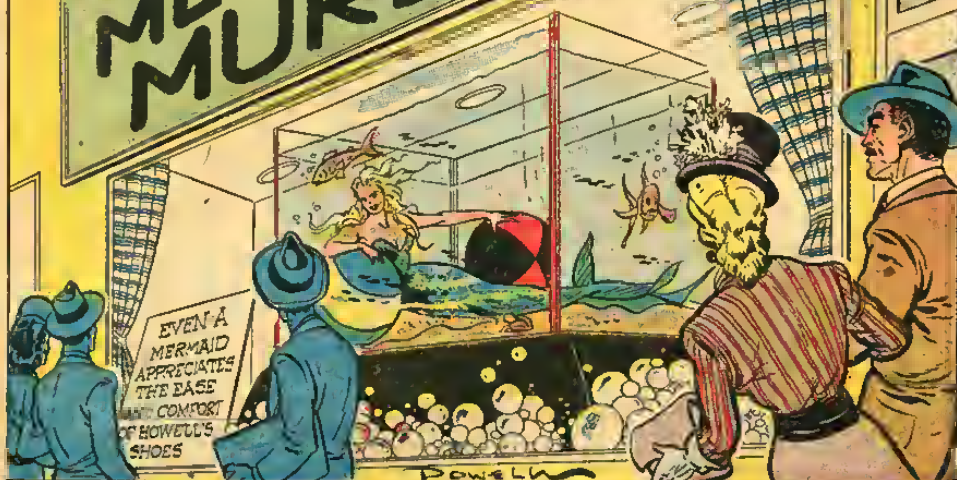






NICK CARTER, THE CASE OF THE MERMAID'S MURDER!

by
PES

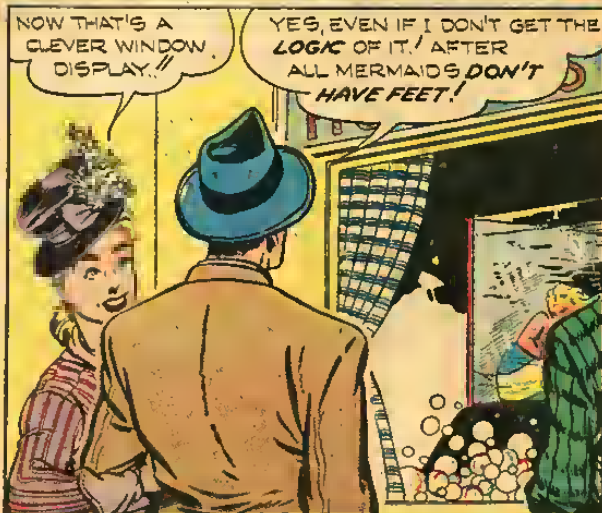


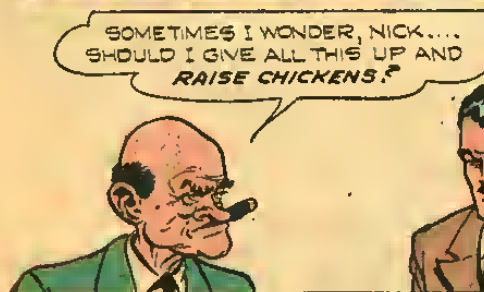
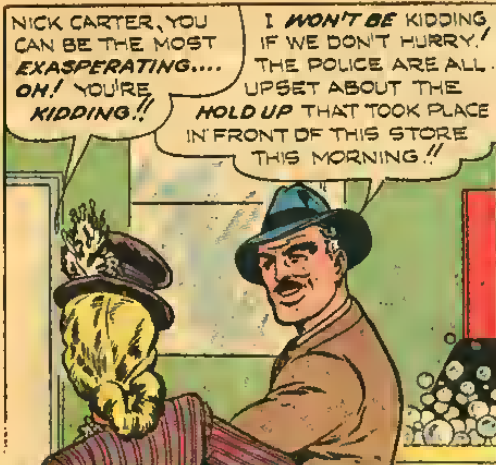
IT WAS QUITE IMPOSSIBLE... NO ONE COULD HAVE THROWN THE KNIFE THAT KILLED THE MERMAID... AND YET SHE WAS DEAD, KILLED IN FRONT OF HUNDREDS OF WITNESSES... STABBED DESPITE THE FACT THAT SHE WAS IN A SEALED TANK....



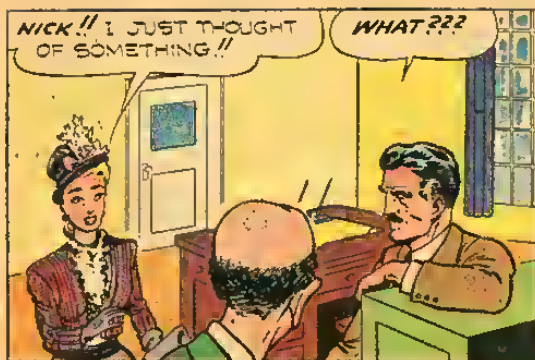
NOW THAT'S A CLEVER WINDOW DISPLAY..

YES, EVEN IF I DON'T GET THE LOGIC OF IT! AFTER ALL MERMAIDS DON'T HAVE FEET!





TUNE IN EACH WEEK TO **NICK CARTER** OVER MUTUAL NETWORK

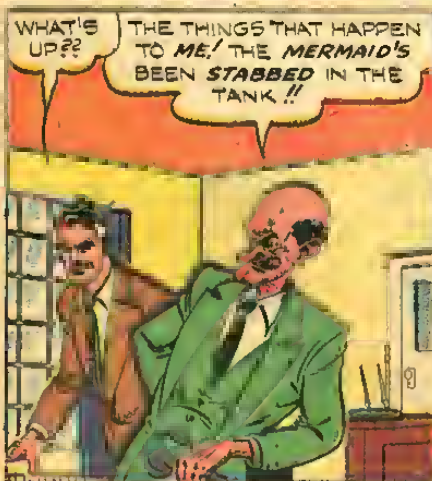
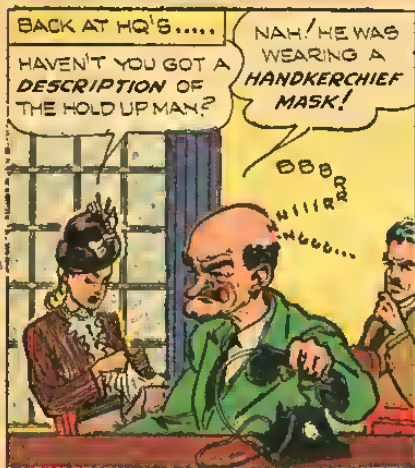
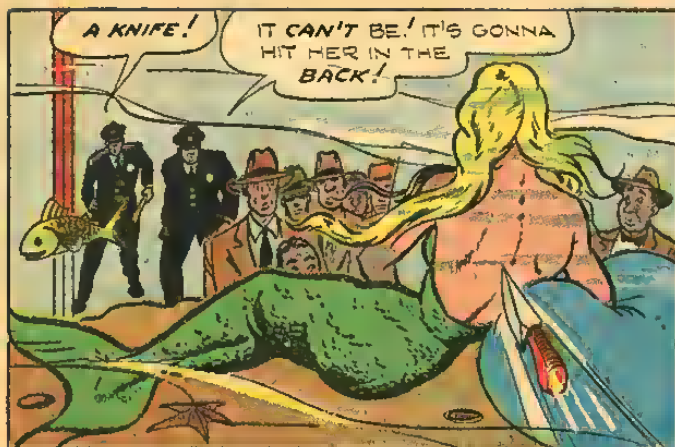


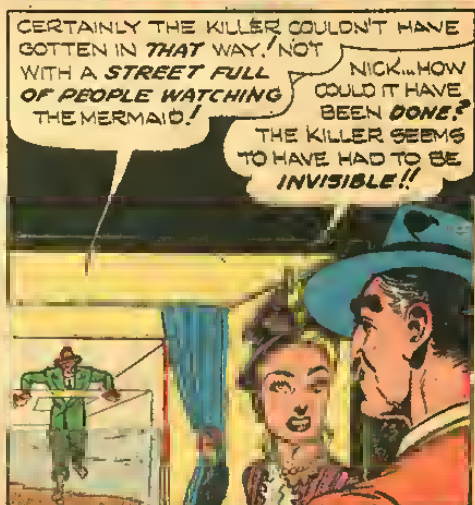
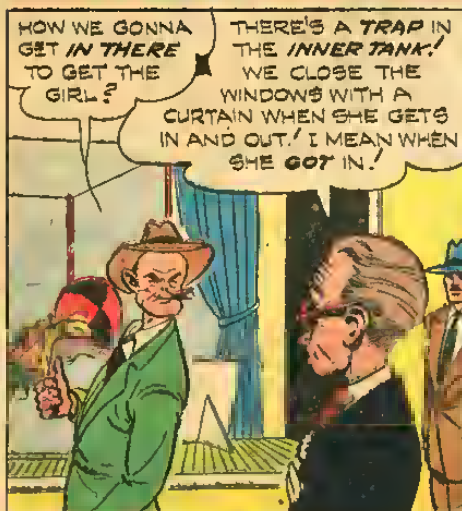
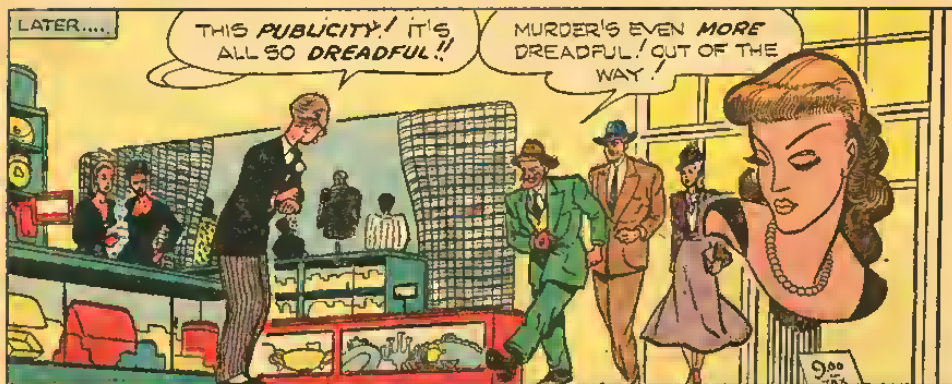
SUNDAY EVENING
6:30 P.M. EST.

sponsored by

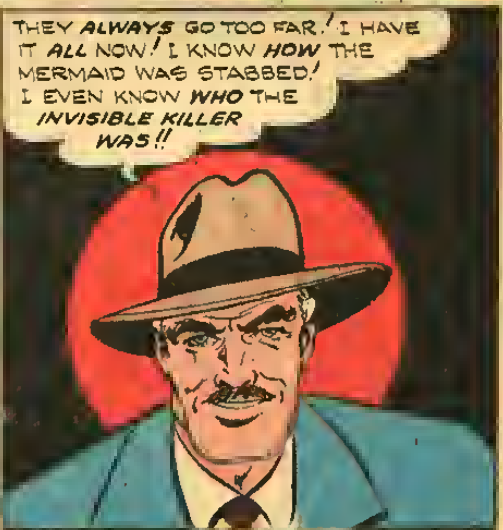
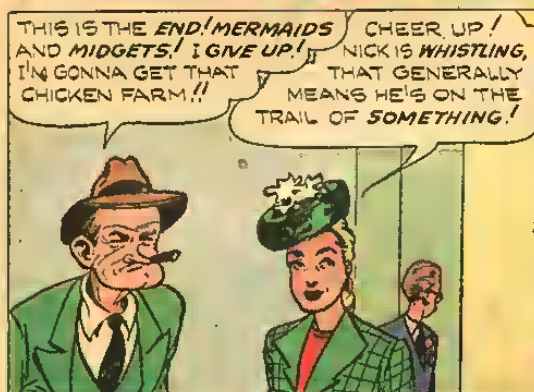
OLD DUTCH
CLEANSER

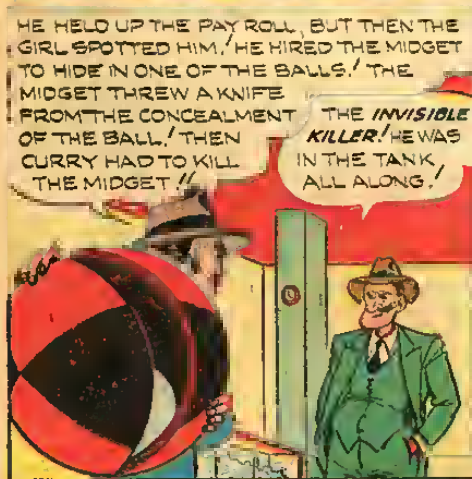
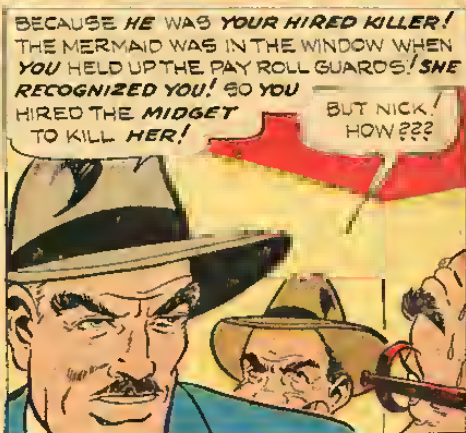
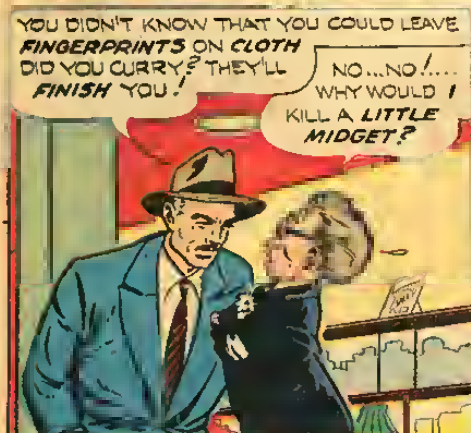










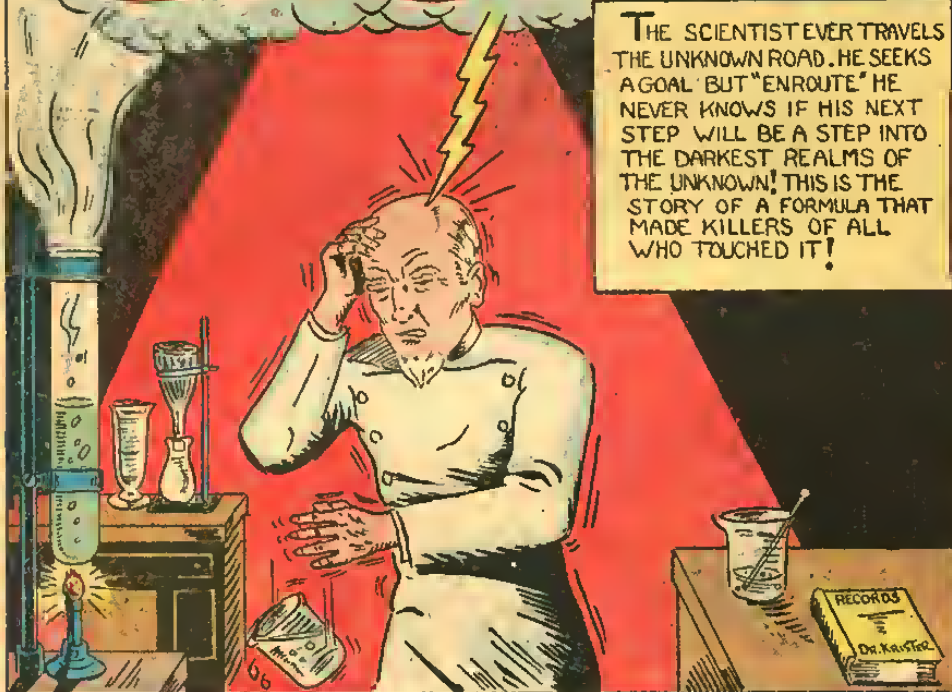


"THUNDER IN A TEST TUBE"

WITH

DOC SAVAGE

THE SCIENTIST EVER TRAVELS THE UNKNOWN ROAD. HE SEEKS A GOAL BUT "ENROUTE" HE NEVER KNOWS IF HIS NEXT STEP WILL BE A STEP INTO THE DARKEST REALMS OF THE UNKNOWN! THIS IS THE STORY OF A FORMULA THAT MADE KILLERS OF ALL WHO TOUCHED IT!



Doc Savage, GREAT SCIENTIFIC GENIUS IS WORKING WITH HIS ASSISTANT MONK WHEN.....



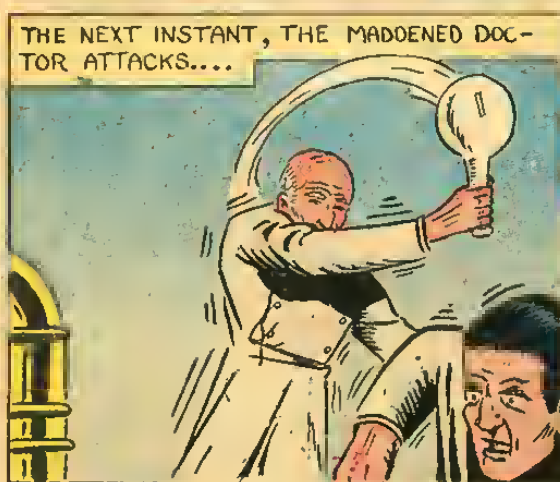
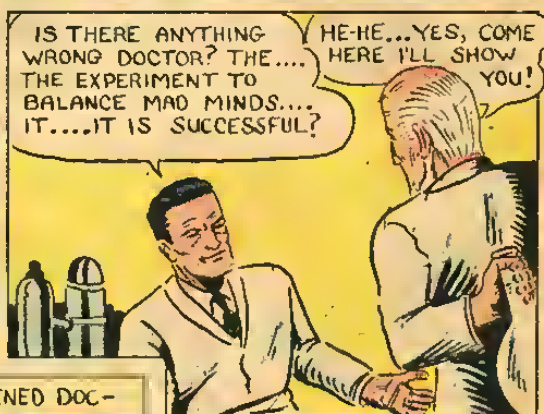
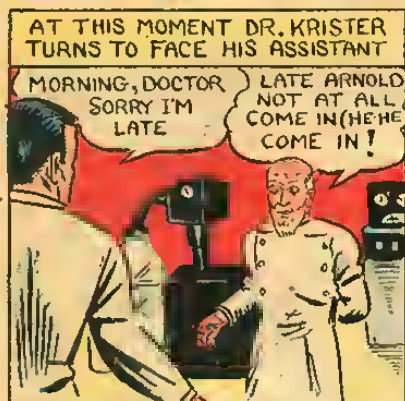
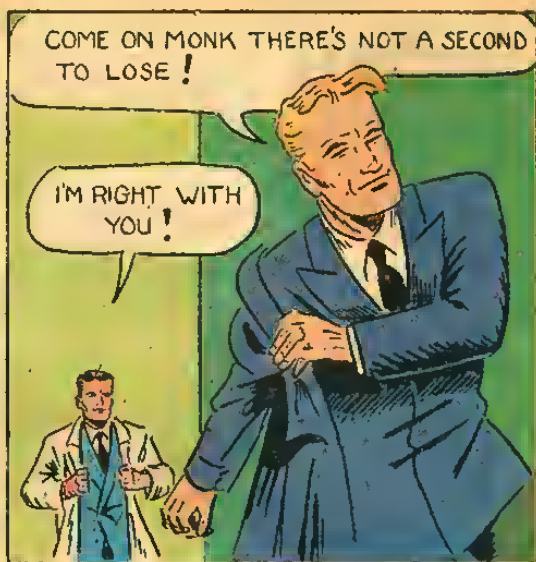
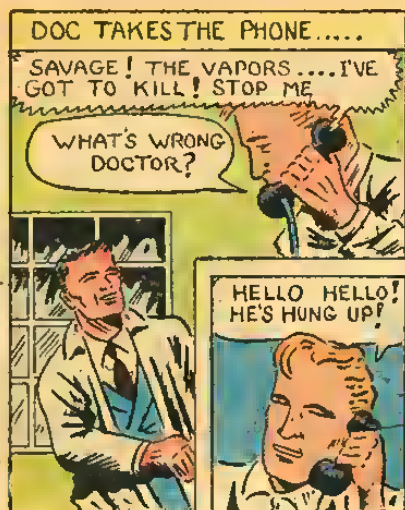
HEY, DOC
PHONE'S
RINGING!

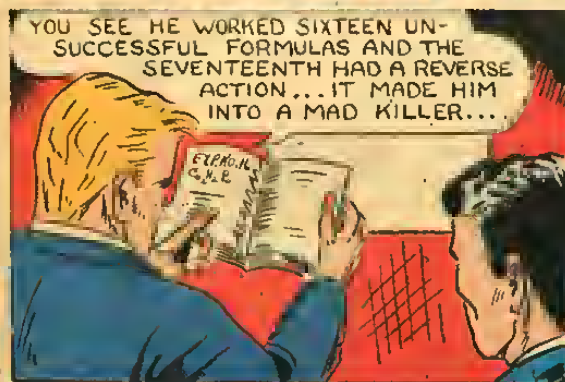
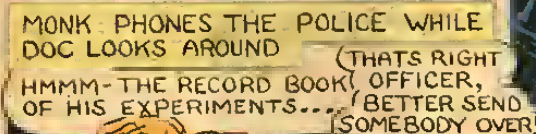
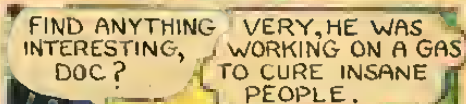
WHAT? PHONE?
OKAY...WE'VE SHOT
ENOUGH RADIO-
ACTIVE ENERGY INTO
THAT NEW FORMULA
ANSWER IT!

///RING!

HELLO?...HUH?...YEAH?... SURE
DOCTOR KRISTER....DOC'S HERE....
WHAT? YOU GOING TO KILL SOMEBODY
YOU CAN'T HELP YOURSELF! HOLD IT...
YOU BETTER SPEAK
TO DOC.

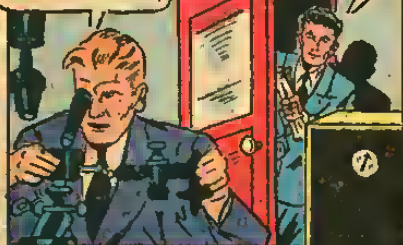




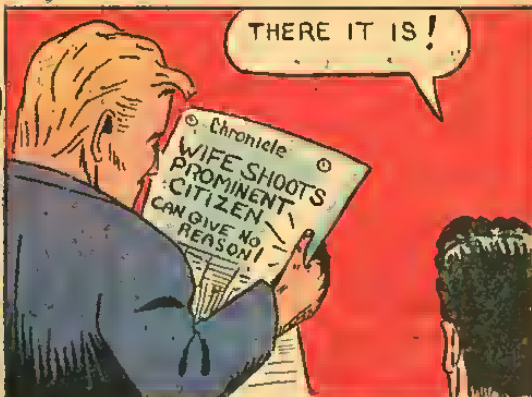


A FEW WEEKS AFTER DOCTOR KRISTER'S DEATH.

YOU MEAN ANOTHER ONE OF THEM MURDERS, DOC. THE HE WENT MAD FIFTH IN TWO WEEKS! FOR A SECOND?



THERE IT IS!



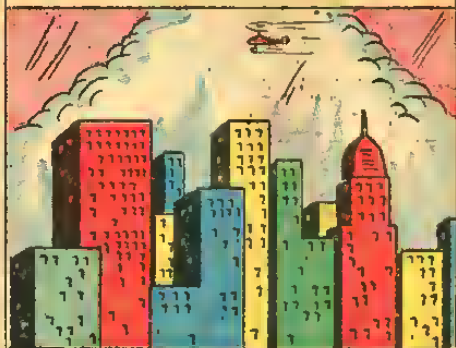
IT'S TIME WE DID SOME INVESTIGATING MONK, COME ON.



IF MY HUNCH IS CORRECT WE'LL HAVE ENOUGH EVIDENCE TO PROVE THE CAUSE OF THE MURDERS!



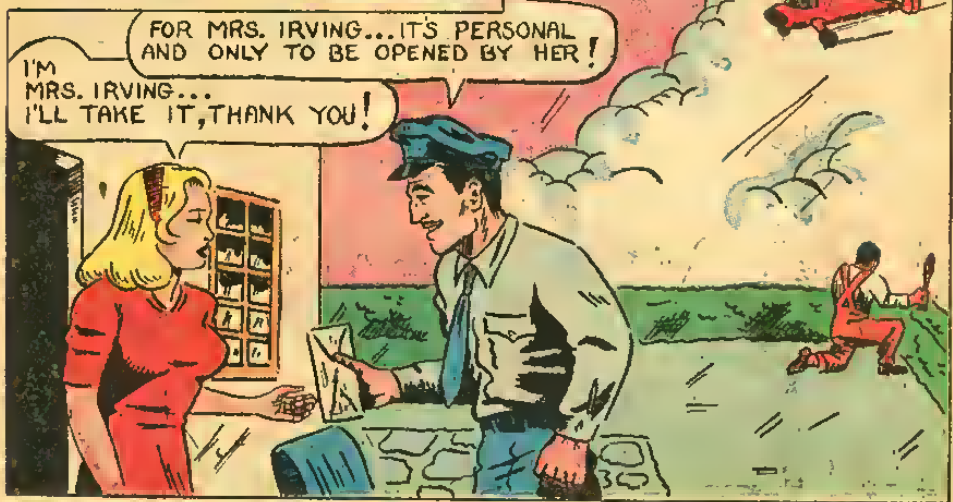
FOR SEVERAL HOURS THE LITTLE HELICOPTER HOVERED OVER THE CITY, LAZILY CRUISING HERE AND THERE...

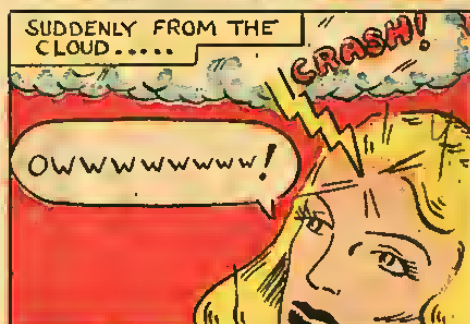
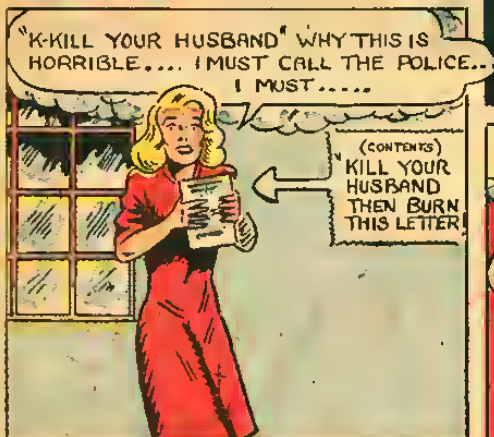
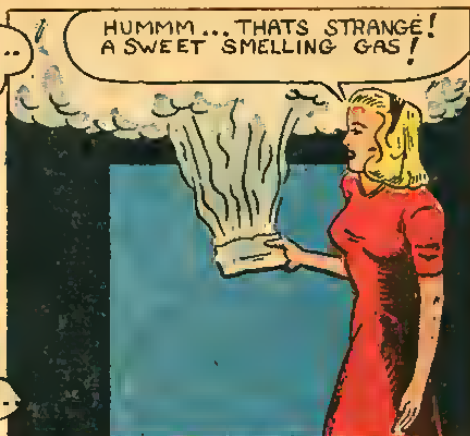
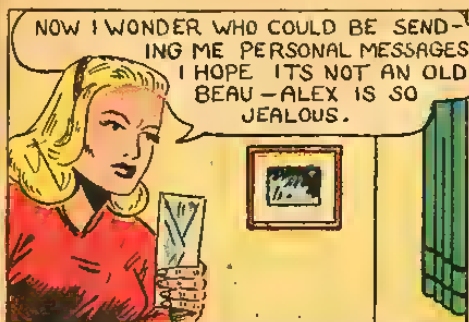


I'M MRS. IRVING...

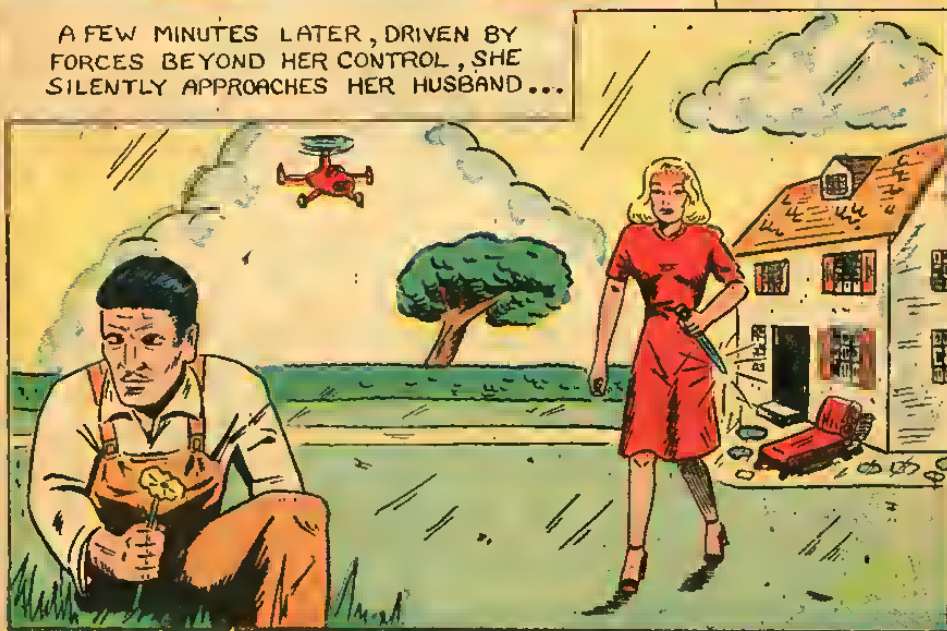
FOR MRS. IRVING...IT'S PERSONAL AND ONLY TO BE OPENED BY HER!

I'LL TAKE IT, THANK YOU!

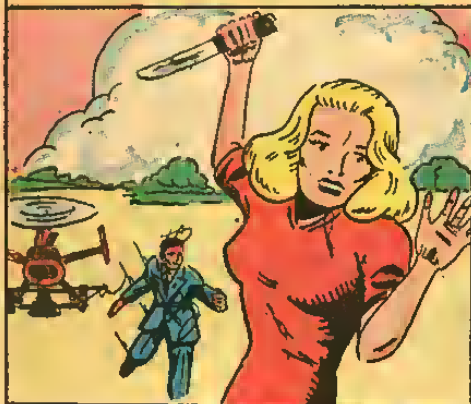




A FEW MINUTES LATER, DRIVEN BY
FORCES BEYOND HER CONTROL, SHE
SILENTLY APPROACHES HER HUSBAND...



AT THE FATAL MOMENT.....



WHAT IN THE
WORLD?????

DON'T WORRY
MISTER-IT'S ALL
OVER NOW-YOU
WON'T BE
HURT.

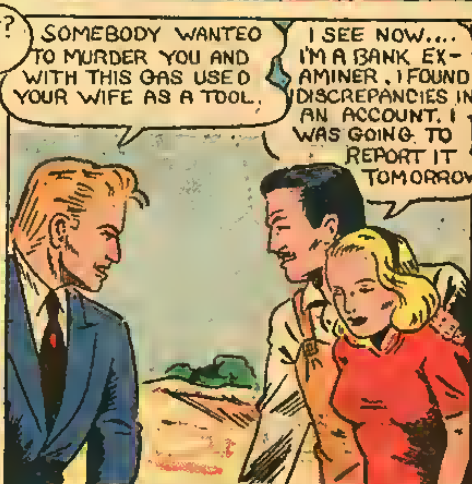
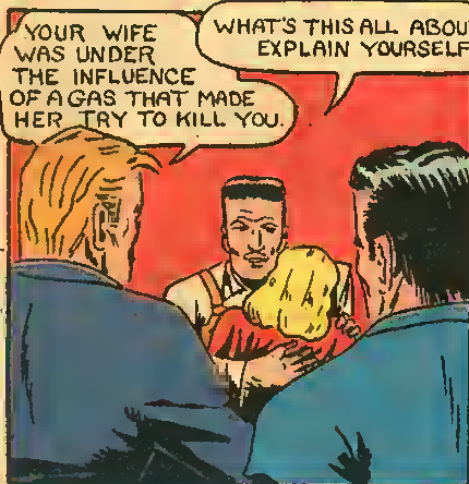


YOUR WIFE
WAS UNDER
THE INFLUENCE
OF A GAS THAT MADE
HER TRY TO KILL YOU.

WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT?
EXPLAIN YOURSELF.

SOMEBODY WANTED
TO MURDER YOU AND
WITH THIS GAS USED
YOUR WIFE AS A TOOL.

I SEE NOW...
I'M A BANK EX-
AMINER. I FOUND
DISCREPANCIES IN
AN ACCOUNT. I
WAS GOING TO
REPORT IT
TOMORROW.



DID I GOTTA TELL THE BOSS!

OBVIOUSLY THEY TRIED TO GET
RID OF YOU TO SAVE THEIR
OWN SKINS!

BUT WE'VE
GOT ENOUGH
EVIDENCE TO
HANG THEM
NOW!



THE SPY REPORTS TO HIS BOSS...
DR. KRISTER'S EX-ASSISTANT, ARNOLD

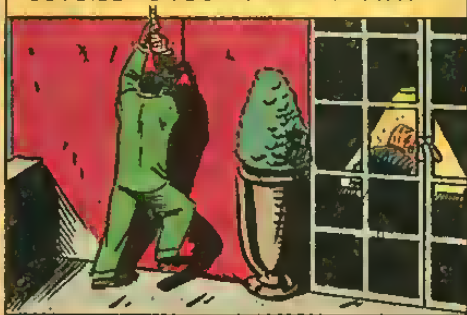
SO SAVAGE IS WISE TO OUR MURDER
ORGANIZATION! WELL HE'S NOT GOING
TO RUIN A BUSINESS THAT PAYS
\$10,000 A MURDER!....



HE WON'T FALL FOR THE GAS NOW!
BUT THERE'S ALWAYS THE OLD
FASHIONED WAY! A REVOLVER WITH
A SILENCER.



A SHORT TIME LATER, ARNOLD AND
HIS ASSISTANT LOWER THEMSELVES
OUTSIDE DOC'S LABORATORY....



DON'T RUSH IT, BOSS!
YOU DON'T WANT TO
MISS!

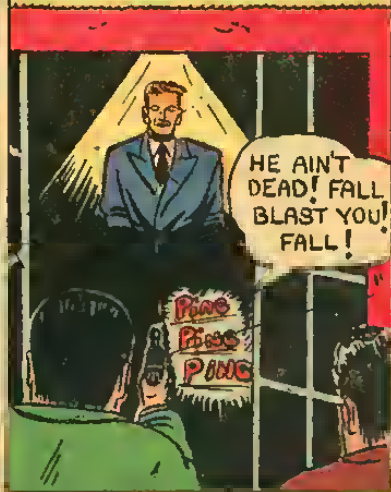
I COULDN'T MISS
WITH MY EYES
CLOSED!



RIGHT THROUGH
THE FOREHEAD!



THE KILLER'S BULLETS POUR
INTO DOC WHO ONLY RISES
AND COMES TOWARD THEM!





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Shadow comics

HAROLD SCHWARTZ — EDITOR

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

RALPH AMATRUOI — ART EDITOR

'TIME TO KILL!'

The members of the Inner Circle held their breaths. There, right before their eyes was the scene. Nick Carter sat at a desk. Behind him set high on the wall was an electric clock. They had been told that observation was important. Therefore they particularly noticed that the hands on the clock were at quarter after twelve.

Then, with breath-taking speed, things began to happen. The door behind Nick opened. He didn't even look up. A tall, thin man in a dark trench coat raced into the room with his hand in his pocket.

He dashed to Nick who now looked up. The man's dark saturnine face was full of evil. Nick raised his hand as though to protect himself. This knocked the man's slouch hat off. Black curly hair was exposed.

The man gritted something through his teeth that they could not hear. He drew his hand out of his trench coat pocket. Something glittered in the light. He raised his hand high and it darted down at Nick Carter's unprotected back. Nick gasped and fell forward on the desk. The man looked around quickly, grabbed a round squat object off the desk, stuffed it in the pocket of the trench coat and still holding the shining object which he had stabbed at Nick he backed to the door.

At the open door he looked all around again. He picked something up in his forefinger and thumb and made a quick jerking motion. They could not see what he had picked up, nor could they see what fell from his fingers. He darted out the door. It slammed behind him.

Nick still lay across the desk.

Horrified, the members of the Inner Circle took a last look. They gasped when they looked back at the clock set high on the wall. The hands were now at twelve o'clock!

Nick slowly rolled away from the desk and

fell to the floor with a slow grace. His hand extended and his fingers opened. A round object about three inches long, and a half inch wide fell from his flaccid fingers.

That was all. Then a voice came out of nowhere. It said, "You have just witnessed the first showing of Nick Carter's new television show, 'Now You See It!'" The voice went on till Chick Carter flicked the television set off. The screen went blank.

Chick said, "How'd you like the show?"

Beef sat up straight and said, "Very good. Now let's get the idea behind it."

"Well," Chick said, "as I told you before the show, it's called 'Now You See It,' and the purpose of it is to test your powers of observation. Nick knows from years of experience in court that the average person is very bad when it comes to describing what he has seen.

All the members of the Inner Circle sat up straighter, maybe the average person didn't know what they saw . . . but . . . Beef grinned. He knew what his eyes had seen. Couldn't fool him.

"Ready?" Chick asked. "What time did the scene open?"

The members scribbled down twelve fifteen. They were all sure of that.

"What did the scene look like when the door began to open?"

The members scribbled down their impressions of Nick at the desk.

"Describe the man who entered. How tall was he? How was he dressed?"

From here on the impressions began to diverge. Each member had a different description of the man who had come in. The scene had been designed to throw them off guard. Nick had been sitting at the desk so peacefully that the interruption came as a surprise.

Chick queried, "What did the man take from his pocket?"

All the members described a long flashing knife.

"What did the man do with the object he took from his pocket?"

The pencils scribbled a description of how the man had stabbed Nick in the back.

"Before this did Nick do anything?"

Some of the members remembered what Nick had done, others did not.

"What did the man take off Nick's desk?" was the next question.

The answers to this were varying.

"What did the man do when he paused in the doorway?"

There were very conflicting answers to this.

"What time was it when the man left?"

Some wrote down the impossibility, that is that it was twelve o'clock when the man exited; others refused to believe their memories.

"What did Nick drop out of his fingers when his hand relaxed?"

Some wrote a fountain pen, others a lip-stick, still others that it was a cartridge shell for a rifle.

(If you'd like to test your powers of observation why don't you write your answers to as many of these questions as you can answer without checking back to the scene?)

Chick had Beef collect the answers as he said, "There is one final question which is half observation, and half deduction, however I'll hold that off till later."

Checking over the papers made Chick laugh. He said, "Boy, there are some doozies here. Let me tell you first that half of you described the man who entered incorrectly.

"Second," Chick said, "the man didn't take a knife out of his pocket. It was a metal knitting needle. You expected to see a knife so your imaginations supplied a knife!

"Third, the time, all of you got the opening time correct, at least you think you did. You say it was 12:15. Some of you saw that the hands of the clock were at twelve o'clock when the scene ended, others say it was twenty after . . . half past, there's a wide variance.

"Now, most of you remember that Nick

lashed out and knocked the man's hat off, but some of you have forgotten that, too.

"The object the man took off Nick's desk was a desk bottle of ink. Most of you didn't get that right. And finally, the object that fell from Nick's hand was a piece of candy wrapped in tin foil!"

Looking at the members, Chick said, "None of you got that right! Still think your eye witness testimony is good?"

The members looked sheepish. To change the subject, Beef asked, "You said you had a question that was part observation and part deduction. What is it? Maybe we can do better on that."

"Oh yes. If it was twelve fifteen when the scene opened, how could it be twelve o'clock when it ended?" Chick asked. "Remember it was an electric clock set high in the wall. The man could not touch the hands of the clock without your seeing him. How did he manage to hocus the time?"

Chick said, "I'll give you till next meeting to dope that one out. If you can't I'll tell you then! The answer is in the scene you saw!

(Next issue will describe the way the clock was made to behave in such an improbable way!)

(SOLUTION TO 'THE DEADLY MALKIN')

Last month's Inner Circle mystery had to do with the death of a man. The man was found dead with his ear drums broken, but seemingly nothing had broken them!

Beef figured out how this was done. The killer, an electronics expert used electronics for murder! The murderer sent death through solid walls. The murder device was sound! Sound is the only thing that will kill at a distance and leave no sign.

The killer rigged up a little metal rod with a metal hammer. He pounded the rod with the hammer. He increased this sound electronically. He amplified it till it was so loud that it killed! He pointed the loudspeaker up so the sound waves would go through the head of the man he was killing. The sound waves thus continued on up and were lost. No one else heard them.

The Shadow

Solves
The Fifth
Ace
Murders



THE ELEMENTS OF CRIME... JEALOUSY... PASSION... SLOWLY BREW IN THE CALDRON OF THE CRIMINAL'S MIND... THEN BOIL OVER AND SPEW THEIR EVIL CONTENTS ON THE INNOCENT AND HELPLESS. **THE SHADOW**, OTHERWISE LAMONT CRANSTON, AMATEUR CRIMINOLOGIST, KNOWS WELL THE VAPORS OF THE CRIMINAL BREW AND HAS DEVOTED HIS LIFE TO PROTECTING THE INNOCENT AND HELPLESS FROM THE EFFECTS OF ITS EVIL POWERS... ON A HOLIDAY IN HOLLYWOOD WITH HIS LOVELY SECRETARY, MARGO LANE, **THE SHADOW** FOUND HIMSELF IN A PLOT MORE INSIDIOUS THAN ANY A MOTION PICTURE EVER DARED PORTRAY... A PLOT WHERE HE WHO HELD THE FIFTH ACE WAS DEAD BY MORNING!

THE GUEST OF JEFF VITEL, PICTURE STAR, AND HIS WIFE, GALE, AT THEIR LOVELY BEL AIR ESTATE, LAMONT AND MARGO ARE ENJOYING THE WONDERFUL CALIFORNIA WEATHER...

LAMONT!... JEFF!... YOU'VE BEEN PLAYING GIN-RUMMY ALL AFTERNOON... WHY DON'T YOU COME IN THE WATER?

CAN'T, MARGO... SO FAR I'M A HEAVY LOSER... I OWE JEFF $\frac{3}{4}$ OF A PENNY... GOT TO HAVE MY REVENGE!

I'VE GOT AN IDEA, MARGO... JUST WATCH!

SINCE THEY WON'T COME IN THE WATER...

WE'LL BRING THE WATER...

...TO THEM! GLUB... GLUB... GLUB... ETC...

BEAUTIFUL, GALE! HAHAHAHA!

THOSE TWO YOUNG LADIES HAVE ASKED FOR TROUBLE!

AND WE'RE JUST THE YOUNG MEN TO GIVE IT TO THEM!

WATCH OUT, MARGO!



AN INSTANT LATER...

LAMONT! DON'T...
GLUB... PLEASE! GLUB...
LAMONT! HAAALP!

SO YOU
WANTED
TO PLAY,
EH?

SOAK YOUR HUSBAND
AND HIS 'GUEST', WILL
YOU!



I GIVE UP! GO
BACK TO YOUR
CARD GAME!
WHOOOO!
AND GOOD
RIDDANCE!

I MUST HAVE
SWALLOWED A
TON OF WATER

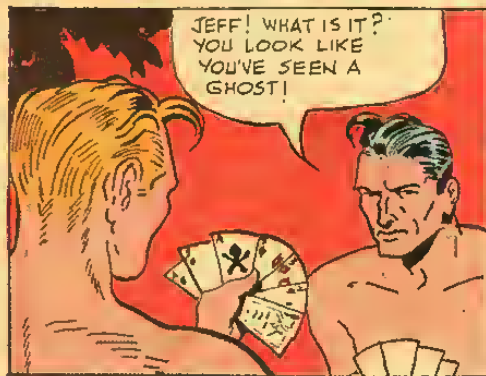
THAT JUST PROVES
NOEL COWARD
WAS RIGHT WHEN
HE SAID "WOMEN
SHOULD BE BEAT
REGULARLY...
LIKE GONGS!"

I'M CONVINCED
IT'S A GOOD
PRESCRIPTION!

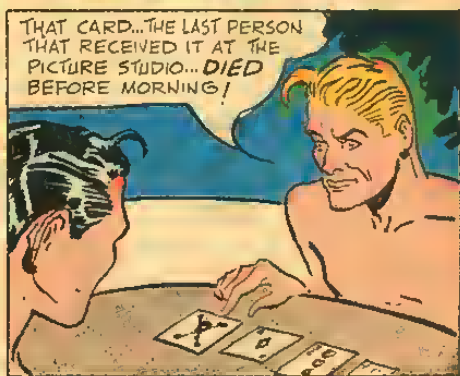


LET'S SEE...
IT WAS YOUR
PLAY... RIGHT?

I THINK SO... HMM.
DON'T EXACTLY
REMEMBER
WHAT WAS IN
MY HAND...
LET'S SEE!



JEFF! WHAT IS IT?
YOU LOOK LIKE
YOU'VE SEEN A
GHOST!



THAT CARD... THE LAST PERSON
THAT RECEIVED IT AT THE
PICTURE STUDIO... **DIED**
BEFORE MORNING!

THAT EVENING, THEIR MOODS WERE IN STRIKING CONTRAST TO THE GAYETY OF THE AFTERNOON...

IT WOULD BE FOOLISH TO TELL YOU NOT TO WORRY AND NOT TO TAKE EVERY PRECAUTION... BUT, JEFF, CERTAINLY WITH THIS WARNING WE CAN FOIL ANY ATTEMPT ON YOUR LIFE!

THREE MEN HAVE DIED WITH THE SAME WARNING, LAMONT... THEY HAD POLICE PROTECTION, TOO... EVERYTHING! BUT THEY WERE DEAD THE NEXT MORNING

WE'RE GOING TO TURN IN... I'VE GOT AN EARLY CALL AT THE STUDIO TOMORROW... IF I'M ALIVE TO MAKE IT!

I'LL SMOKE ANOTHER CIGARETTE THEN I'LL FOLLOW YOU... BE SURE TO LOCK YOUR DOOR, WINDOWS AND PULL YOUR BLINDS...

'NIGHT... AND GOOD LUCK!

NOT KNOWING WHY WE ARE BEING KILLED OFF, WE DON'T HAVE ANY IDEA WHERE TO START LOOKING FOR THE KILLER...

WITH IT ALL... THERE SEEMS TO BE A PATTERN. FIRST, THE PRESIDENT OF THE STUDIO, THEN THE TOP PRODUCER, THEN THE LEADING DIRECTOR AND NOW... THE BIGGEST STAR

WITH A CORDON OF POLICE COVERING EVERY SQUARE INCH OF THE GROUNDS TONIGHT... I'M CONFIDENT THE KILLER WILL BE THWARTED.

TAKE IT EASY, GALE... LAMONT'S RIGHT... NOTHING CAN HAPPEN!

WHAT DO YOU REALLY THINK ABOUT ALL THIS, LAMONT?

PUFF... PUFF... THANKS... I'M THINKING THAT THIS IS NO TIME FOR JUST THINKING... IT'S THE TIME FOR THE KIND OF ACTION THAT THE SHADOW KNOWS!



AND AS THE NIGHT WORE ON, THE GUARDS PACED THE GROUNDS EVER ON THE ALERT...



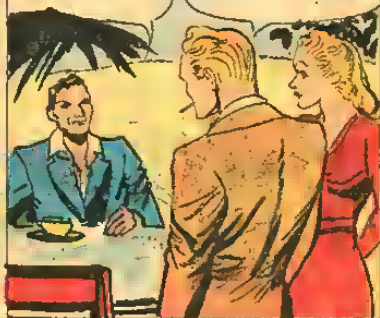
...BUT NEVER SUSPECTING THAT A PAIR OF EYES MUCH SHARPER THAN THEIRS WAS SERVING AS A DOUBLE CHECK ON THEM...



AND WHEN MORNING BROKE...

IF YOU'RE A GHOST, JEFF... YOU'RE A MIGHTY HEALTHY LOOKING ONE!

I'M ALIVE AND KICKING! IT SURE LOOKS LIKE I BEAT THE CURSE OF THE FIFTH ACE!



WANT TO COME TO THE STUDIO WITH ME THIS MORNING, LAMONT?

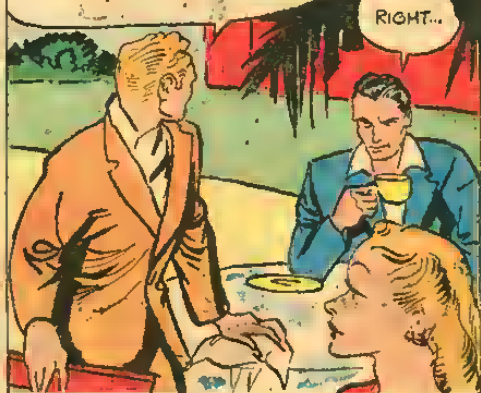
I'D LOVE TO... BUT I GUESS MARGO ISN'T UP YET...

YOU GO WITH JEFF... I'LL DRIVE HER DOWN LATER!



GOOD... FINISH YOUR COFFEE... I'LL GET THE CAR AND MEET YOU IN FRONT!

RIGHT...

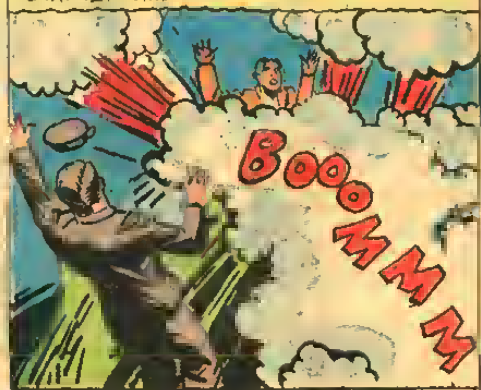


GLAD TO SEE YOU'RE OKAY, MR. VITEL... IT'S A CINCH THAT NO KILLER COULD HAVE GOTTEN BY US LAST NIGHT!

YOU SCARED HIM OFF ALL RIGHT... AND I HOPE HE WON'T COME BACK!

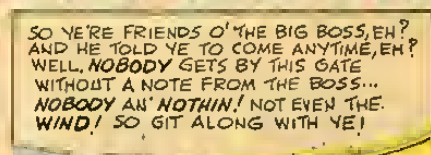


HIS GOOD SPIRITS BUBBLING, JEFF VITEL GETS BEHIND THE WHEEL, STEPS ON THE STARTER AND....





NOT I... BUT **THE SHADOW** IS GOING TO THE PICTURE STUDIO... IN A WAY, WE'RE BOTH RESPONSIBLE FOR JEFF'S MURDER.. WE SHOULD HAVE REALIZED THAT THE KILLER WOULD SET HIS DEATH DEVICE BEFORE THE POLICE GOT HERE!



INSIDE THE EXECUTIVE BUILDING OF THE PICTURE STUDIO...



WHY DOES SOME CRAZY LOON GOTTA PLAY DRACULA IN MY STUDIO? WHY CAN'T HE PLAY HIS GAME SOMEPLACE ELSE... PREFERABLY AT GEM PICTURES WHOM I HATE HONESTLY!? IS IT RIGHT?...



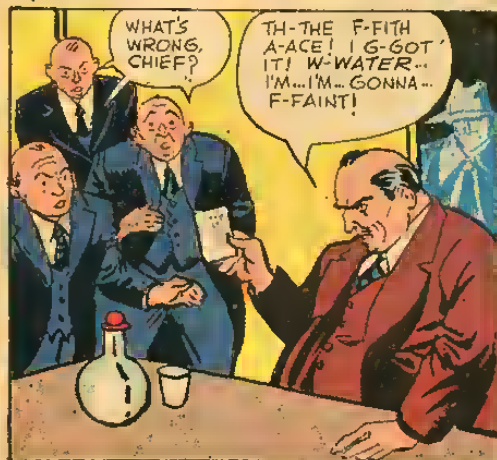
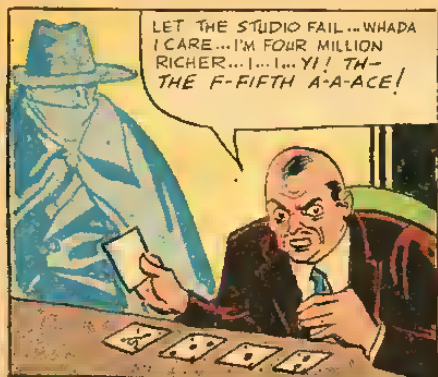
AND IN THE INNER SANCTUM OF RICHARD SKILLSON, NEW HEAD OF BITOU PICTURES, AFTER THE NEWS OF JEFF VITEL'S DEATH HAS BEEN LEARNED...

FOUR MEN KILLED INSIDE OF FOUR WEEKS! A MILLION DOLLARS LOST ON JEFF'S PICTURE JUST HALF FINISHED... ALL MY STARS AND DIRECTORS RESIGNING BECAUSE THEY FEAR THEY'RE NEXT... WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO DO? BE A NURSEMAID TO EACH ONE?



NOW LEAVE ME ALONE... I'VE GOT TO THINK! I GOTTA FIGURE OUT A WAY TO SAVE THE STUDIO... NO ONE IS TO DISTURB ME... UNDERSTAND?





THAT NIGHT, LAMONT CRANSTON, FACED WITH THE MOST CONFOUNDING SERIES OF CRIMES HE HAD EVER ENCOUNTERED, DISCUSSES THE ALMOST HOPELESS EVIDENCE HE HAS GATHERED WITH MARGO...

... AND WHEN I HEARD SHILLSON TALKING TO HIMSELF ABOUT THE INSURANCE HE HAD ON THE FOUR, I WAS CERTAIN HE WAS THE KILLER...

BUT WHEN THE FIFTH ACE SHOWED UP THE NEXT MINUTE... AND THE POISON IN THE WATER, THE VERY NEXT... YOUR PRIZE SUSPECT WAS NOW A VICTIM!



THE MURDERER WAS ONE OF THE 'YES' MEN... I TOLD YOU THERE WERE FOUR IN THE ROOM AT FIRST... BUT ONLY THREE CAME BACK... SOMEHOW HE MANAGED TO PLACE THE POISON IN THE WATER AND THE ACE IN THE DECK UNSEEN...

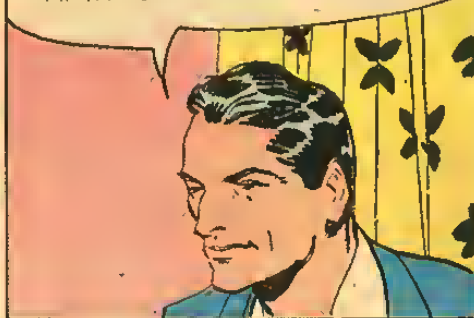


POLICE TESTED, BUT THERE WERE A DOZEN SETS... HIS... TWO OF THE 'YES' MEN... THE SECRETARY... EVEN ONE OF JEFF VITEL'S! NO... OUR MAN IS TOO CLEVER TO GET CAUGHT BY A SET OF PRINTS...

BUT YOU'VE COME THIS FAR WITHOUT A CLUE, LAMONT... HOW ARE YOU GOING TO CATCH HIM?

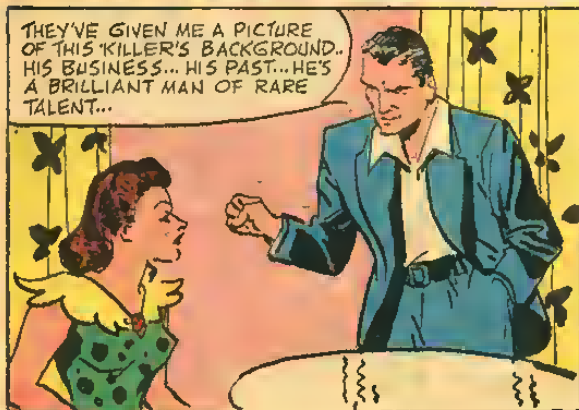


BY HIS CLEVERNESS... YOU SEE, THE WAY THE MURDERS HAVE BEEN COMMITTED... NOT ONE THE SAME. THE FACT THAT HE WAS ABLE TO DISGUISE HIMSELF AMONG THE 'YES' MEN AND ACT LIKE ONE... THE DRAMATIC WARNING OF THE FIFTH ACE...



THEY'VE GIVEN ME A PICTURE OF THIS KILLER'S BACKGROUND... HIS BUSINESS... HIS PAST... HE'S A BRILLIANT MAN OF RARE TALENT...

... WHOSE VERY BRILLIANCE HAS DRIVEN HIM MAD AND WILL TRAP HIM!



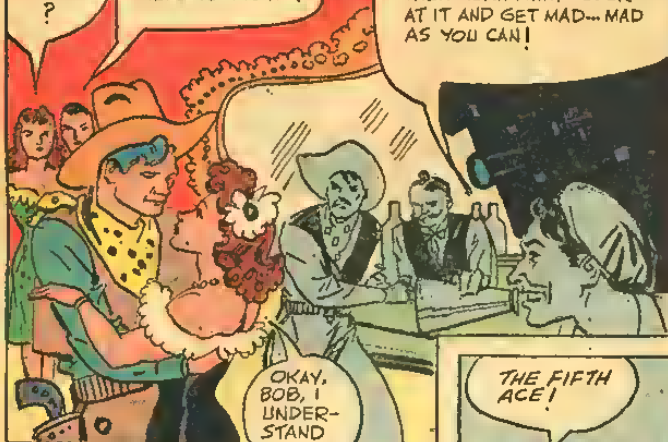
THE FOLLOWING DAY, LAMONT AND MARGO VISIT A SET AT THE BIJOU STUDIOS WHERE JANIS MIRBELLE, THE STUDIO'S TOP FEMALE STAR, IS WORKING...



AREN'T WE WASTING TIME HERE, LAMONT?

POSSIBLY... BUT IF MY HUNCH IS RIGHT, JANIS MIRBELLE IS NEXT ON THE KILLER'S LIST...!

NOW, JANIS... BE NATURAL... KISS HIM... AND THEN SLIP YOUR HAND IN HIS POCKET AND PULL OUT THE LETTER... THEN TURN AWAY... LOOK AT IT AND GET MAD... MAD AS YOU CAN!



OKAY, BOB, I UNDERSTAND

TURNING AS DIRECTED, JANIS OPENS THE LETTER... LOOKS... AND...



THE FIFTH ACE!



POOR JANIS! SHE'S NEXT!

SUDDENLY, LAMONT SWOOPS THE INERT STAR INTO HIS ARMS...

WAIT... WE'D BETTER CALL A DOCTOR...

CALL HIM... I'M TAKING HER TO HER DRESSING ROOM... COME, MARGO, AND HELP ME!



CLOSE THE DOOR, MARGO... DON'T LET ANYONE IN... I HAVE A PLAN!





MEANWHILE... THE AMBULANCE LEAVES THE STUDIO WITH MARGO...



MEANWHILE... INSIDE OF THE AMBULANCE...



AND THAT MAKES YOU HARMLESS, MISS MIREBELLS... ALL READY TO DIE?!!

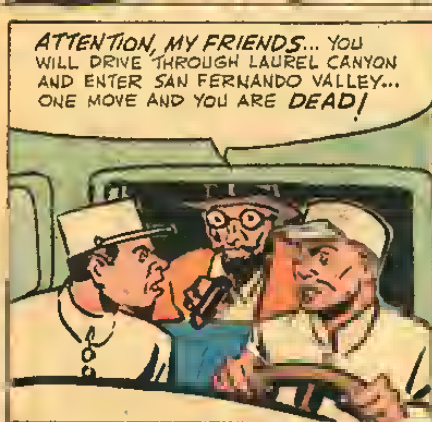


HEHE... NOW TO TAKE CARE OF THEM!



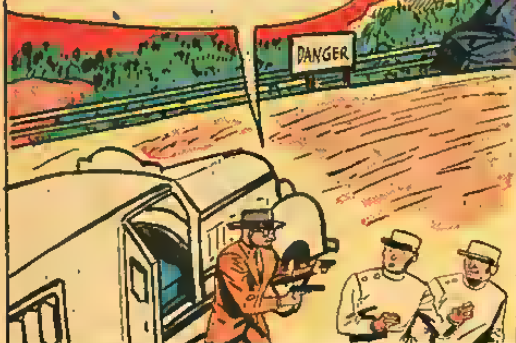
THE DRIVER FOLLOWS ORDERS WITHOUT QUESTION...

ATTENTION, MY FRIENDS... YOU WILL DRIVE THROUGH LAUREL CANYON AND ENTER SAN FERNANDO VALLEY... ONE MOVE AND YOU ARE DEAD!



IN A DESERTED SECTION OF SAN FERNANDO VALLEY, THE FAKE DOCTOR ORDERS THE AMBULANCE STOPPED...

I'LL TAKE OVER NOW...HEHE...YOU WILL HAVE THE PRIVILEGE OF SEEING ME PERFORM MY SIXTH SCIENTIFIC MURDER... NO CLUES... NOT EVEN THE SLIGHTEST LINK!



MARGO, INSIDE THE AMBULANCE, MANAGES TO FREE A HAND... SHE HEARS THE MAD KILLER'S RAVINGS...

MY PLAN CONSISTS OF KILLING YOU TWO ONLY IF YOU GIVE ME TROUBLE... YOU WON'T, WILL YOU?... IN THE INTERESTS OF SCIENCE, SHALL WE SAY... HEHEHEHE...



HE'S GOING OVER THE CLIFF...

WHAT CAN WE DO... HOW CAN WE STOP HIM? WE CAN'T JUST STAND HERE AND...

AU REVOIR!



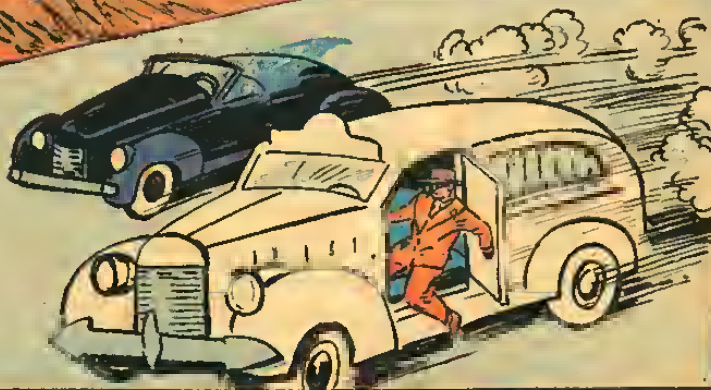
AT THIS INSTANT... A BLACK CAR SUDDENLY GUNS FULL SPEED FROM A SIDE ROAD...

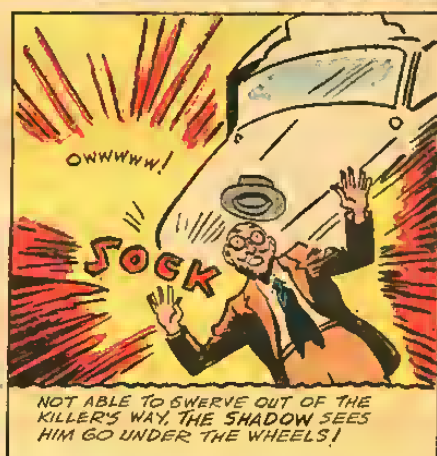
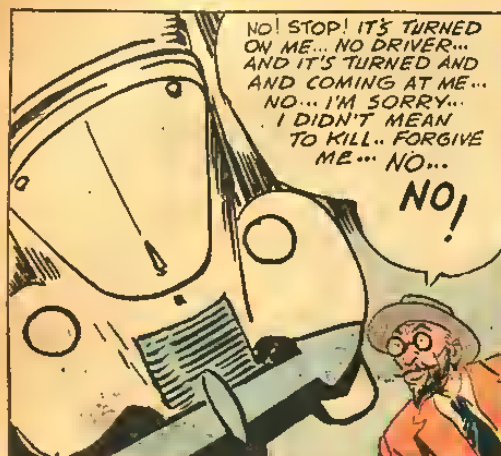
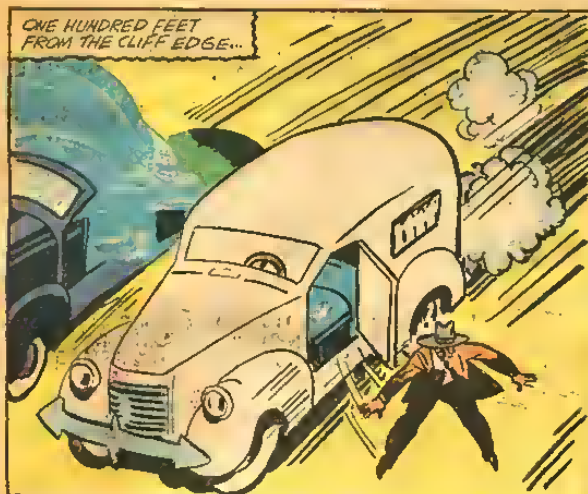
LOOK! A DRIVERLESS CAR!

WE'RE SEEIN' THINGS! WE'RE GOIN' HUTS!



A HUNDRED YARDS FROM THE CLIFF EDGE, THE SHADOW OVERTAKES THE AMBULANCE...





LATER THE INVISIBLE SHADOW CLIMBS INTO THE BACK SEAT WITH MARGO WHILE THE DRIVERS, UNAWARE OF HIS PRESENCE AND CONVINCED THEY SAW A MIRACLE, DRIVE BACK TO TOWN...



The Most Amazing Factory-To-You Introductory Offer Ever Made to Our Magazine Readers

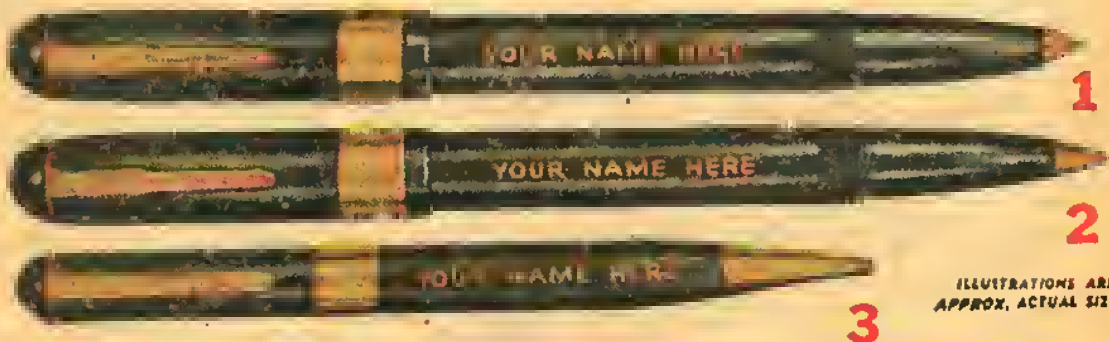


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GRAVED ON ALL THREE
WRITING INSTRUMENTS
IN GOLD LETTERS... Factory To You

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